plexion of a Gooſe: a fault done firſt in the forme of a beaſt, (O Ioue, a beaſtly fault:) and then another fault, in the ſemblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowlefault. When Gods haue hot backes, what ſhall poore men doe? For me, I am heere a Windſor Stagge, and the fatteſt (I thinke) i'th Forreſt. Send me a coole rut-time (Ioue) or who can blame mee to piſſe my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe?

M. Ford. Sir *Iohn*? Art thou there (my Deere?) My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-ſleeues, haile-kiſſing Comfit, and ſnow Eringoes; Let there come a tempeſt of prouocation, I will ſhelter mee heere.

Miſ. Ford. Miſtris *Page* is come with me (ſweet heart.)

Fal. Diuide me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch: I will keepe my ſides to my ſelfe, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your husband. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conſcience, he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome.

M. Page. Alas, what noiſe?

M. Ford. Heauen forgiue our ſinnes.

Fal. What ſhould this be?

M. Ford. M. Page. Away, away.

Fal. I thinke the diuell will not haue me damn'd, Leſt the oyle that's in me ſhould ſet hell on fire; He would neuer elſe croſſe me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and white, You Moone-ſhine reuellers, and ſhades of night. You Orphan heires of fixed deſtiny, Attend your office, and your quality.

Crier

Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

Piſt. Elues, liſt your names: Silence you aiery toyes. Cricket, to Windſore-chimnies ſhalt thou leape; Where fires thou find'ſt vnrak'd, and hearths vnſwept, There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry, Our radiant Queene, hates Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that ſpeaks to them ſhall die, Ile winke, and couch: No man their workes muſt eie.

Euan. Wher's *Bede*? Go you, and where you finde a m That ere ſhe ſleepe has thrice her prayers ſaid, Raiſe vp the Organs of her fantaſie, Sleepe ſhe as ſound as careleſſe infancie, But thoſe as ſleepe, and thinke not on their ſins, Pinch them armes, legs, backes, ſhoulders, ſides, and ſhin

Qu. About, about:
Search Windſor Caſtle (Elues) within, and out: Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery ſacred roome, That it may ſtand till the perpetuall doome, In ſtate as wholſome, as in ſtate 'tis fit, Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it. The ſeuerall Chaires of Order, looke you ſcowre With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flower, Each faire Inſtalment, Coate, and ſeu'rall Creſt, With loyall Blazon, euermore be bleſt. And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you ſing Like to the *Garters*-Compaſſe, in a ring, Th'expreſſure that it beares: Greene let it be, Mote fertile-freſh then all the Field to ſee; And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Penſe*, write In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white, Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroidery, Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee; Fairies vſe Flowres for their characterie: Away, diſperſe: But till 'tis one a clocke, Our Dance of Cuſtome, round about the Oke Of *Herne* the Hunter, let vs not forget.

Eu